WALLINGFORD'S TORNADO.

HOW THE VILLAGE WAS WRECKED IN AN INSTANT.

AN INCONCEIVABLY TERRIFIC STORM—NOT A MINUTE'S WARNING OF THE DISASTER—HOUSES RUINED AND GARDENS LAID WASTE—THE DESOLATE TRACK OF THE STORM DESCRIBED—THIRTY-TWO PERSONS KILLED AND FORTY-ONE BRUISED AND MAIMED.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WALLINGFORD, Aug. 10 .- No man who has not looked upon the ruin wrought in this place by the storm of Friday can conceive of the terrible force with which the elements beat upon the plains of Wallingford during the eventful moments that it lasted. Never did a storm come with more appalling suddenness. Friday afternoon was one of the loveliest of the season. Light clouds sailed across the sky until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, occasionally obscuring the sun. Then a few black clouds, portending disaster, appeared over Mount Lamentation, a high hill lying to the westward of the village. Under the foot of this hill spreads Lake Windermere, an artificial pond, created by the Community people by damming the Quinnipiac River. Wallingford lies between this hill and another not so high that runs parallel to the mountain east of the town. Hills surround the pretty village and run through it, though its general situation is that of a town in a valley encircled by nills.

The clouds grew darker toward 5 o'clock, when workmen about the village left factories and mills and started for their homes. Wives set about preparing supper for returning husbands, and only a passing glance was cast toward the murky clouds that rolled over the western hills. By 5:30 o'clock they had become intensely black. Children cowered from the inky shadows, and sought protection in their houses. Still, there was no great sense of impending danger. No one was frightened. The utter stillness that precedes many thunder-storms settled down in the valley just before 6 o'clock. All the wind seemed to have died away, but aloft the clouds went tearing wildly along at such a pace that many observers took alarm, and hastened through the streets to seek shelter. Lightning began to play incessantly across the low-hanging clouds. With horrible suddenness a change took place in the aspect of the heavens. Under the threat-

ening clouds that had spread over the village like a black curtain other and blacker clouds were driven. They came up from the west almost with the swiftness of thought. Before black mass that rolled over the Wallingford community, a fleecy, misty curtain advanced, hiding the orchards and vineyards as it, moved forward. The lightning flashed in blinding forks from this cloud, that was more like smoke than vapor in its lightness. Incessantly the flashes lighted up the surrounding country with a lurid, purple light, while the thunder rattled and boomed with interminable and deafening loudness. It was about 6:15 that a second mass of clouds was noticed approaching on a different current of wind from the northward, and some say there was also a counter current setting in from the southward, bringing heavy black clouds that seemed to touch the tops of the trees. A few drops of rain fell gently. Men and women hurried to the windows to close them, and homegoing laborers began to run. Little recked

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any one the peril of that moment.

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